

543

The Indian Helper.

A WEEKLY LETTER FROM THE CARLISLE INDIAN INDUSTRIAL
SCHOOL TO BOYS AND GIRLS.

VOLUME III.

CARLISLE, PA., FRIDAY, JUNE 29, 1888.

NUMBER 46.

*Selected for The Indian Helper
by Mrs. Pettinos.*

THE SUN AND THE WIND.

The sun and the wind made a bet one day
Which should take from a man his cloak
away.

"I've only to blow right strong," said the
wind,
And his cloak will go flying far behind."

"That trick will not work at all," said the
sun;

"I know that the bet by me will be won.
But do your own way, you blustering fellow,
Then I will shine out so warm and yellow,
I'm sure I will have the best of the joke
For quickly the man will drop his cloak."

The man jogged along, just humming a song,
His coat buttoned fast to keep him warm,
When, sudden the wind blew loud and strong:
"Whe-ugh! Hello! Why here is a storm!"
Then closer around him his cloak was drawn—
Still closer and closer! With head bent down
He galloped off fast for the nearest town.

Then the sun shone out with its golden smiles;
And though it's away up—millions of miles—
Yet it heard the traveler laugh and say,
"Good horse, don't hurry the rest of the way."

"We'll take it more easy this lovely day;
But first let me put this hot cloak away."
And the cloak came off! And the rest of the
ride

It hung and swung at the horse's side.

And the wind hushed down ashamed to blow,
But the sun shone on in a happy glow;
While gaily the man went on his way,
A singing a song that seemed to say:

"In a game where it takes the two to play,
Sunshine gets the better of wind any day!"

MORAL.

So, boys, and girls, too, when you find your-
selves rusty,
And petty and fussy and cross-grained and
gusty,
Just remember the tale of the wind and the
sun,
The man and the cloak, and the way it was
done!

THE FOURTH OF JULY.

"Bang-it-y-bang! Whang! Whang!"

"What's that?" cried a little Apache, as he
quickly jumped up from the ground where
he with others was having a game of mumble-
peg.

From the expression of his face it was plain
that he thought the soldiers were after him
again. He nor the rest of his comrades can
forget how the guns of the enemy sounded
when Gen. Crook and his well-armed force
were chasing the Apaches across the plains,
over the bluffs and out of the mountain fast-
nesses of Arizona.

This boy was one of those Apaches, but
these were not guns; only four little fire-
crackers.

All the mumble-peggers stopped and ran to
where the smoke was rising, and the ques-
tions they poured in upon the boy who started
the fun nearly used him up.

"What for you do dis?"

"Where you get?"

"Who make?"

"Who going kill?"

"Again you do it."

"Give me some?"

But the fire-crackers were all gone. They
had made a noise. The noise made excite-
ment. The excitement brought out questions,
and Our Fourth was begun a whole week in
advance of the right time.

Two of the larger boys sitting off some dis-
tance reading from their school histories
noticed the disturbance and the following talk
may have taken place:

"It is not the Fourth of July yet," said
Master Jim, "wonder what those boys mean
by shooting off fire-crackers, now."

"Oh," responded Al, "I guess they are only
having some fun. But Jim, as the Fourth is
near at hand I wish you would explain what
it means. I know the white folks make a big
noise, and have a good time and all that, and
I'm awful glad when it comes, but I don't
know just what it means."

"Well, my history says the Fourth of July

(Continued on Fourth Page.)

The Indian Helper.

PRINTED EVERY FRIDAY, AT THE INDIAN INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL, CARLISLE, PA., BY THE INDIAN PRINTER BOYS.

By The INDIAN HELPER is PRINTED by Indian boys, but EDITED by The-man-on-the-band-stand, who is NOT an Indian.

Price:—10 cents a year.

Address INDIAN HELPER, Carlisle, Pa.
Miss M. Burgess, Manager.

Entered in the P. O. at Carlisle as second class mail matter.

THE INDIAN HELPER is paid for in advance, so do not hesitate to take the paper from the Post Office, for fear a bill will be presented.

Frank Lock writes from his place at York, Pa., that he still likes his situation in the iron foundry very much, and is getting along well.

Through a letter from Pine Ridge Agency, Dak., we learn that Mr. Lewis of the Educational Home, Philadelphia, was there recently and secured eighteen pupils.

Fifteen girls and seventeen boys, principally Oneidas have arrived from the Martinsburg Indian School to enter Carlisle. The Martinsburg School has been discontinued by the Government.

The Man-on-the-band-stand will give ONE DOLLAR, for the best Indian story written by an Indian boy or girl. ONE DOLLAR for the best. The story must be a short one. Only about 1000 words.

The *Red Man* for July will contain a very interesting letter from Mr. Seger, who is at the head of an Indian Colony in Indian Territory. Oscar Bull Bear, Hubbell Big Horse and Jaah, returned Carlisle students are employed by him as assistant farmers. His district is 20x25 miles. It is divided into three smaller districts with one of these boys in charge of each. "They are a great help," says Mr. Seger, "and are becoming more efficient each day."

General Harrison, the Republican nominee for President, is the grandson of the General Harrison who was famous in the Battle of Tippecanoe, in the War of 1812, and who afterwards became President of the United States. His great-grandfather, was one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, but General Harrison is running on his own merits and not for what his ancestors did.

Charles Dagnett is now at the printer's case. He holds his stick and picks up type as though he was going to make a first class printer. We believe he will.

The pea-shelling picnic back of the dining-room, one day this week, had a good time, but the biggest picnic occurred inside of the dining-room after Miss Noble cooked the peas.

Mr. Edward McFadden, for the past year student of Amherst College is with us again for the summer. The type-writer spinneeth, and his many friends rejoiceeth.

Carl Lieder has gone to New Jersey to work on a farm for the summer. This makes six of our printer boys who are now working out in that way for a change. They no doubt will return to us much benefitted in health and with an enlarged experience.

Guerny, Amos, Lester, Myrtie and Harry Kopay were in the party from Martinsburg. It will be remembered that they went from here to Martinsburg when that school opened. Harry already has a position on a farm. He goes to Bucks county this week.

A pleasant letter from Joshua Given now in Philadelphia, says he is expecting to go to Chicago in a few days to attend the Young People's Christian Endeavor Convention. The letter is full of interesting points, some of which will be printed in the *July Red Man*.

Dickinson commencement is in progress. A number of its prominent visitors have during the week come out to see our school. Among others were Hon. Clinton B. Fisk, Dr. W. Bartine, Professor in the Broad and Green St. High School of Philadelphia, and Rev. Mr. Welsh, of the same city.

Samuel Townsend and Willie Morgan report having had a splendid time at Washington. They stayed with the Westfalls, who have been long and faithful friends of the Pawnees. Mr. Westfall introduced the boys to the President and Willie seems particularly pleased because the President said to him, "How do you do, Willie?"

Since the schools were dismissed last week for the building to be torn down, the girls have been entertained in various ways, in the half-day periods they did not work. Miss Cutter and her class did putty moulding in Physiology, completing the hand heart, and eye. Miss Lowe carried on lessons in Botany while the other teachers did Kindergarten work or read to their pupils from story books.

If all who intend taking the **HELPER** another year would **Please Renew Promptly** after receiving notice that their time is out it would save us much time and labor, and prevent delays and the loss of papers.

Fire!

A moment of excitement

Over a mere smoke in the Girls' Quarters.

Huldah saw it first but didn't know the word.

She made the signs and her school mother followed to the clothes closet.

Mr. Goodyear was the first man to the front.

The fire originated from an apron which had been marked and placed in the closet in a burning condition.

On Wednesday, work was commenced on the float for the Fourth of July parade in Carlisle.

The school was honored, last week, with a visit from Anthony Comstock, the great reformer.

Levi St. Cyr and Felix have gone to work in the hay field of a neighboring farmer for a week or two.

The shop boys are having a turn at outside work. They are needed on the building, and then we have 157 acres to harvest.

The band marched well on Tuesday, when out practicing. Their music the last few times has been exceptionally good.

The girls of the Quapaw Agency had a little party one evening this week inviting as guests the young gentlemen of the same agency.

A number of our teachers attended the gymnastic exercises in the Dickinson College gymnasium, Wednesday, and the Commencement which came yesterday.

Chester and Nancy Cornelius accompanied Capt. Pratt on his trip to Martinsburg, last week. Nancy is still there, but will soon return with four more girls.

The dark blue flannel round-a-bout coats in which the little boys appeared on Sunday for the first are very becoming and much more comfortable than the heavy uniform.

The Worthingtons had a family picnic on Tuesday. When the big wagon drove up from town to take in the little folks Richenda and Johnnie could hardly contain themselves, they were so happy, and they report having a delightful time.

J. B. Given received his handsome graduating document, on Wednesday, after delivering the valedictory oration at the High school commencement in town. He has the congratulations of a host of friends for so brilliant a termination of a successful school period.

The Standings are expected Monday.

They have girls in the Printing office at Hampton.

Carlisle town expects to have a big time on the Fourth of July

The school room desks are stored in the back part of the gymnasium.

The Fourth of July will be next Wednesday. Are you ready for a good time?

Twenty questions on Bible topics is an interesting and instructive game.

That is a lovely doll which Richenda's mamma brought her from Washington.

That was a beautiful hymn so sweetly sung by Mrs. Campbell on Sunday evening.

Mrs. Pratt of the New York City Children's Fresh Air Fund, spent Saturday and Sunday with us.

A few of the teachers will leave this week for their summer vacation. Miss Lowe expects to go to England.

A party of nineteen of our pupils went this week to farms for the summer. Some have found places at the seashore.

More Apaches are coming from Florida, and a party from the captured Crow prisoners of the Northwest are expected.

Dennison nearly mailed a piece of his thumb to some one last Friday. It hurt pretty badly at first but is about well now.

Dr. Given has gone to Wisconsin to see the Oneidas. He will probably be absent a month and visit friends and relatives in Illinois, Kansas and Iowa before he returns.

We do not often have occasion to whoop. Never the war whoop. But when the whole end of a school-house falls at once the occasion is an extreme one, and as on Tuesday the exultant shouts of a hundred voices might have been heard for miles.

On Tuesday evening, Mr. and Mrs. Campbell entertained, at their house. The balcony and trees near were illuminated with Chinese lanterns, and the evening was brilliant throughout and enjoyable to the utmost.

The loving tribute paid to Dessie Prescott by Capt. Pratt at our last Sunday evening service was well deserved. Dessie returned to her home in Dakota some weeks ago. We had every hope of her speedy recovery from what seemed to be a temporary illness and were greatly pained to receive the intelligence a few days ago of her death at the house of Rev. Chas. Cook at Pine Ridge Agency. Many are the friends who mourn the loss of this sweet young character.

(Continued from First Page.)

is the Anniversary of the Nation's Independence," said Jim with a learned air.

"I know that, but can't you make it easier for me?"

"Maybe I can. You remember reading about Gen. Washington's men who loved their country and fought and bled and died that this glorious United States of America might be free from English rule and be an independent Government?"

"Yes."

"And you remember how on the Fourth of July, 1876, a paper was signed by a number of the leading men of that time."

"You mean the Declaration of Independence?" asked Al.

"I do," answered Jim. "That paper said that this country shall be free, and those brave men fought to *make* it free."

"I understand it now. I see why the fourth of July is so much loved by the American people, but, Jim, isn't it too bad that the *true* American people, the Indians, do not know about this fourth of July?"

"It *is* too bad," said he. "Oh! Al, if all the young men and girls of all the tribes could have the chance that the Government is giving to you and me to learn things and to get experience, it would not be long before the whole Indian people would catch the spirit of patriotism and join hands with their foreign brother—the white man, in the celebration of this great day."

"Whew! A regular Fourth of July speech," cried Al.

"Well, *that's* all right. I *believe* in it! That is the Carlisle idea. Carlisle wants the Indian to have the very best chance to see, and learn, and get a mind of his own."

"That is so," said Al. "They don't try here to make us think that this way is best or that way is best or some other way is best, but they keep urging us on in our studies, and in our reading, and they throw us among people that we may find out for ourselves which is the best."

"And, don't you know," added Jim, "that boys and girls educated on such a broad plan will be able to hold good positions among the business people of the world?"

"Yes, but Jim, have you heard that I'm going home?"

"I heard so. What are you going for?"

"I'd like to see the folks, you know, but really I think I'll change my mind. Your talk makes me sick to think of going back to the reservation, where all intellectual life is dead, where there is *no* chance for a young man to

rise. Where patriotism and loyalty to the Government is not thought of. Give me your hand, old fellow. I tell you I shall *not* go home, I'm going to stay right here until I get all the education and EXPERIENCE that this school and this Eastern country can give me."

"Good! Good! Hurrah for Cleveland and Thurman!" cried Jim enthusiastically throwing up his hat.

"Hurrah for Harrison and Morton!" shouted Al, following his friend's example.

"There," said Jim, with a snap of his finger, that shows the point we were trying to make a while ago. You are a Republican. I am a Democrat. Don't you see they don't tell us here we must all be Republicans, or we must all be Democrats. The eternal cry is "Read the papers! Observe! Listen! FIND OUT FOR YOURSELF!"

The bugle blew for the boys to fall in, and the talk stopped. What Jim and Al actually *did* on the Fourth when it came, may be given next week.

Square word.

1. * * * *
2. * * * *
3. * * * *
4. * * * *

1. What some little girls were detailed to shell for dinner last Tuesday.
2. How most people get their money.
3. In measuring a farm or other piece of land, what the measurement is called.
4. A branch from a tree in the bottom of a river.

ANSWER TO LAST WEEK'S ENIGMA: Our nice Indian girls do not want a *loud mouth*.

STANDING OFFER.—For Five new subscribers to the INDIAN HELPER, we will give the person sending them a photographic group of the 13 Carlisle Indian Printer boys, on a card 4x6 1/2 inches, worth 20 cents when sold by itself. Name and tribe of each boy given.

(Persons wishing the above premium will please enclose a 1-cent stamp to pay postage.)

For TEN, Two PHOTOGRAPHS, one showing a group of Pueblos as they arrived in wild dress, and another of the same pupils three years after; or, for the same number of names we give two photographs showing still more marked contrast between a Navajoe as he arrived in native dress, and as he now looks, worth 20 cents apiece.

Persons wishing the above premiums will please enclose a 2-cent stamp to pay postage.)

For FIFTEEN, we offer a GROUP OF THE WHOLE school on 3x14 inch card. Faces show distinctly, worth sixty cents.

Persons wishing the above premium will please send 5 cents to pay postage.

Persons sending clubs must send all the names at once.

At the Carlisle Indian School, is published monthly an eight-page quarto of standard size, called **The Red Man**, the mechanical part of which is done entirely by Indian boys. This paper is valuable as a summary of information on Indian matters and contains writings by Indian pupils, and local incidents of the school. Terms: Fifty cents a year, in advance.

For 1, 2, and 3, subscribers for **The Red Man** we give the same premiums offered in Standing Offer to the HELPER. Address: THE RED MAN, CARLISLE, PA.